Dear Bill, 5/26/00

Glad that all goes well with you. Not surprised that Betsey did well and wont be surprised that when it is over she'll be at the top. She has that kind of head. You lucky boy.

If not on the derby.

We are about as we were, slowly getting weaker and less able. With me also exhausted. The kind of dialysis is knocking me out some times for three days straight. I fired my disalysis specialist and got another and right off the bat he recommended a different form that is self-administered. Then he decided on another also self-administered but during sleeping hours only. He also took that up with my Hopkins cardiologist, who had earlier opposed the first of these different forms of dialysis, and he approved this one. I think that probably reflects his getting a better understanding of how low my position is.

My condition would have declined slowly but the specialists in Medicare fraud who ran up fraudulent charges on us both and malpractise, too, about which at our age it is not possible to do anything, really did me in by keeping me in and preventing the walking that has kept me going all these years.

Before where I got along on only a few hours of sleep I now sleep as much as 13-14 hours at a time and have to take naps, too.

With all the home book work to handle now, work I am spoiled with because Lil did all of it and was so good at it, I've not been able to do any more writing for weeks. I now get so washed out after the dialysis I do not trust myself to handle household matters or writing.

I timed my supermarket walking yesterday. 20 minutes and that did me in. Before those medical fraud artists got hold of me, twice that much was not unusual, and while still slow, was much less so than now.

If you do not know what dialysis is, it is removing the blood from the body, passing it through a machine that cleans it in varying degrees and then putting it back in the body. In the form I've been getting, that treatment is for four hours a day, three days a week. But in all it takes me six hours each time and one time I did not get home until the next day because those jerks made a mistake and put heparin in when they should not have. On that one I was even made to pay an ambulance charge of $216 for a trip that did not require an ambulance, less than a mile, and there is no bleeding if apertures in the blood vessels are cavered, as mine were.

The changes in Medicare, while less than the nation requires, are very good for people without real means but that is not enough for the greedy doctors. They have to corrupt that to get richer, at the expense of the government and of the people.

This is where I had to stop at about 5:30 to get ready and to leave for the dialysis, which is by Gambro Healthcare, a Sweedish outfit rapidly becoming a a monopoly. At the end, at which I stood yesterday there was the not unusual acute drop in the systillic or the higher number in the blood pressure. Not as acute as often before but enough for them to inject 300 cc of saline solution. That is ever so much less than on most occasions in the past, when it was up to even more than 1000. It like all else is never explained. I have a feeling Gambo is a bit uneasy about this volumi but it has not responded ~~even~~ to questions. Gambo concentrates not on informing patients but in ripping off all they can in even the dirtiest ways. I'll be informing you and others about this separately because internationally powerful as it is some of the dirty stuff it pulled on me that was both as wrong and dangerous and tinier in actual importance than can be imagined. ~~If~~ This was able to frustrat them ~~that~~. In all aspects that infuriated them and in the petties of petty ways they can't take that and persist in the pettiest of needling ways. If I had not frustrated all they were up to in the incredibly petty changes they aere making in the Medicare regulations, I'd probably have bled to death. From them not even an unintended expression of regret. I'd started, in dribs and ~~das~~ dabs in free odd moments, to get this on paper but it got forgotten for periods of time and with that harder periods I forgot some of what I'd gotten on paper and what I'd not so as I now think of it, when I am up to it and have the time I'm going to get a shorter version on paper, subject to enlargement if needed. The reasons for this abbreviated form are mostly two, I do not know how long I'll be able to and I think these crooks may be getting prepared for ~~an~~ is awaiting my death ~~and filing~~ then filing suit against my estate. More than both are guilty, as I'll merely state briefly here. The hospital dropped Lil and broke her other hip, never even phoned the next of kin, me, and that really depressed her. She spent about nine months in the hospital and nursing homes, probably more than two only ~~because~~ because I was not at home to look out for her. That awful way to live <u>really</u> depressed her. I got pneumonia, as I now recall, in February 1998. Just before the the nephrologist to whom my family doctor had sent me, a matter of only a few days before I was taken ill, had told me that while it seemed certain that in the end I'd require dialysis, the numbers in the tests had improved to where he believed seeing ~~you~~ him every three months instead of ~~a~~ once a month would be safe.

When he said he'd be sending me to a nursing home I'm sure I told him I wanted to get out of there as soon as that was safe. All others involved, I told him, too. But he never discharged me, the nursing home would not, and when I realized what ~~that~~ the harm being done there was great, I arranged first to have medical attention to what he and they steadfastly ignored, refused to do anything about and then to have ~~that~~ assurance that it was not unsafe for me to ~~be~~ discharge myself. There will be more on this. What I had to do was to make it safe as possible for Lil took a little time but it all got done before she came home

My then nephrologist, William Johnson, was, as I did not know, the medical consultant for Gambro. As I also did not know, he was assistant medical consultant for the Frederick Healthy Care Center. ("Frederick" is the partly true word here.) Johnson became my hospital doctor without my having a word in it. My doctor had been the one who saved my life when I had the conjective heart failure twice several years earlier. He turned me over to Johnson when if I had been consulted I'd have had the familry doctor. These parasites have the attitude that the body consists of only kidneys and regularly insisted on what is bad for heart and circulatory matters, including diet and diet after my complaints and with what the medical record given me by the hospital that reflects.

At about the time I was hospitalized some infections that looked like boils but were flatter and larger, with the heads not as high, began to appeal on both legs. First was on the left big toe. I'd intended to see the family doctor but betweening wanting to complete the manuscript I was working on and not wanting to be away from the phone if Lil called wanting or needing something I did not get around to doing it. I did in the hospital. I do not remember if I did with either doctor but I think I did to Johnson. I know very well that I complained about the local lack of attention by any of the nurses. I also told them what Johnson had not, about the extreme ensitivity of my skin, about when it itches at night I scratched, pulling off large chuncks of the other layer of skin that took as ms much as two months to heal and what had to be done to prevent this. They did not do what I said had to be done, and what I predicted did happen and my blood got splattered pretty widely, giving all of them something to cover up for and they did from what Johnson indicated to several friends. Perhaps the beginning of aphony and fabricated case of my being paranoid as a defense against anything I might alleged.

About two hours ago a dear friend from down below your way but who escaped the ignorance so often built in for some few decent and capable people and retired as the sales manager of a large international company and who lives about five miles awaye came into the house. He reported a great favor he had done for us and Then we just had a nice, friendly visit. It is almost time for lunch, which is out of the freezer and almost ready from the microwave oven. I'l have to let this wait for now but I hope it gives you an indication. It is not all of what I regard as fraud and malpractise but in time, I hope soon, Ill get that all on paper.

Being as feeble and as limited as I am in what I can do for more than a week one of those 30foot pines lining the lane was getting ready to fall. For some time it has been raising from the ground and as it rose it shifted from straight up to seem to be getting ready to fall on the lane. That could not only damage the lane, it could make it impossible for me to get to and return from dialysis. That tree is now a log to make 2x4s for a great nephew doing some building. Best to you both and hope to get

gat back on the complete business soon I'll let reading and correcting this wait until the early morning when the stores do not open until 7.

Perhaps I should add in the hope that it can make a bit more sense of this that the nursing home and pharmacy, which I believe is connected to it, are also making claims involving of about $25,000 that I believe for the nursing home is entirely fraudulent and for the pharmacy is in part ~~a~~ fraudulent~~s~~. Just got two more duplicate ~~bills~~ today that I've not opened. I think they have done nothing to collect because they are awaiting my death when they'll file against my estate, when I am not present and to testify, to testify truth ~~prove~~. They also not not made even pro forma my charges of denial ~~the~~ their flimflam. So I want to prepare my executors to be able to file enough to have more than a defense. ~~to rost them mu~~ To make the fraud proven, document it and be sorely troubling to a multibillion international almost monoply that I think a few years ago ~~little more than a hearry ago~~ killed a number of people it was supposed to be saving my using subcaliber basic mayerial in its dialysis program, subcaliber and cheaper tubing that carries the blood both ways. I have this from the media. That cost Gambro about 89 million in lost business the next year alone. While they do have what is close to amo monoply, they could ~~cane~~ still lose that much business!

Sunday p.m. My friend mentioned about is from a Ky. city the name of which I now cannot remember. Not unusual for me now, and about names well-known to me.

It is the town that the UMM's Bill Turnblazer d came from, if you remember that. Best to you both,

Harold